

CIRCUS KINGS.

The Sells Brothers' Combined Shows Coming Soon.

The circus will soon be here again. The robin, the street organ, the circus, are sure harbingers of spring. Everyone likes to see the street parade. But behind the glitter, the pomp, the confusion of paraphernalia, the gaudy trappings, the costly equipage, the princely display, is a nerve and a brain of nerve force; a brain of vitality not generally considered.

The managers of the Sells Brothers' immense shows take Per-na. They take it because it is nerve food, brain food, blood nutrition and strength-giver. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, Mr. Peter Sells says: "I would not be without Per-na in my travels. My business as advertising agent of our immense consolidated show keeps me constantly on the go, with change of climate and diet. I find Per-na an admirable remedy to correct these evils." Mr. Eph. Sells also writes the Doctor as follows:

"Your Per-na is certainly one of the very best tonics that was ever brought to my attention. As the financial manager of the great combined Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' shows, I am necessarily subjected to constant strains of the nervous system and brain. This kind of wear and tear makes me feel frequently in need of a good tonic to assist digestion and to keep my nerves steady and my brain cool. I find in Per-na exactly such a tonic. It produces an even and natural appetite, aids in digestion and refreshing sleep. I would not be without it for any money."

Everybody should have a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book on chronic catarrh. This book consists of a series of lectures delivered at the Surgical Hospital, sent free by The Per-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Talking of weather signs, it is fair to suppose that, when allspice is adulterated with cocoon shells, the season will be mild.—Rural New Yorker.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on the strictest advice of reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A good many members of the "rising generation" would serve their country well by sitting down.—Rural New Yorker.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lots of men have college diplomas hanging in their parlors and weeds growing in their gardens.—Washington Democrat.

Gentle treatment. St. Jacobs Oil soothes Neuralgia and cures it. It fades away.

The easiest kind of advice to follow is the kind we had intended to follow anyway.—Washington Democrat.

Crutches and cruel pains from Sciatica. From St. Jacobs Oil the cure of it.

A profitable religion never wanted proselytes.—Ital.

Don't snap in two. Limber up. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lumbago sure.

A mouthful of meat may be a townful of shame.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for anyone who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEND FOR A BICYCLE
High Grade 95 Models, \$14 to \$45.
GREAT CLEARING SALE of 97 and 98 models, best makes, \$9.75 to \$18. Deal on approval without a cent payment. Free use of wheel to our agents. Write for our new plan "How to Earn a Bicycle" and make money. SPECIAL THIS WEEK—ship 1000 models (highly improved), \$10.10 each. "Warranted as above," a souvenir book of 200 pages, \$1.00 for every 1000 wheels sent.

J. W. REARD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO.

7,000,000 ACRES—Farms, Timber, Minerals, Cattle, Horses, Sheep, etc., for sale. FREE CATALOGUE. W. M. CRAWFORD & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

"Here I Am, Mother."

BY THORPE GREENLEAF.

IN 1884 I was in one of the Ohio river counties of western Kentucky, and for some weeks stopped at a hotel where a young civil engineer had headquarters. Harry Gendrin was one of those mellow, open natures who have popularity for a birthright, and was soon a favorite in the town and hotel. He liked to come into my room and sing. His voice was a deep bass; my roommate, Manis, sang a part that I was never musician enough to name; Harry's roommate, Jervis, sang a rich tenor; and I tried to carry the air. We sang "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," and such pieces occasionally, but the old hymn tunes were best adapted to our style of quartette, and I am obliged to say that we made some good music on "Old Hundred," "Sessions," "Coronation," and like pieces.

On one occasion we sang, "Where Is My Boy To-night?" and at its conclusion Harry said:

"If you care to hear the story I will tell you where I first heard that song."

"Tell it by all means," said the rest of us.

"I will have to begin by saying that until recently I was a pretty reckless chap. My father has always been a railroad prospector and surveyor, and I have been with him in camp ever since I was a mere kid. He is a good man, the leader of a choir in Evettsburg, where my mother frequently sings solos. I never hope to hear anything this side the glory gates that will satisfy me as well as my mother's voice in the First Cumberland church, at Evettsburg.

"Father was not careful enough about my companions in camp, and soon I had drifted a long way from the right. But I learned his business, and when I was about 18 years old he put me to work on one of his jobs. The pay was not large, but it was nearly all clear money and I was too young to understand the proper disposal of so much. I got into the habit of spreeing when I went to Evettsburg, or when father was not in camp.

"Well, when I was about 20, we reached a point in a job where we had been two weeks in the rain and mud, and got to the end of a section one Thursday noon. Father said that we would have to lay off until the next Monday morning because his plans for the next section were not matured. I determined then and there to put in the best part of the next three days at Evettsburg, on a great old jamboree. So I walked back to the terminus, and the two o'clock freight bumped and banged me 40 miles to Evettsburg. Here I disappeared in a saloon downtown, and was soon oblivious to surrounding events. The saloonkeeper was careful that my whereabouts should be kept quiet, and bundled me into his own living rooms when I became unable to care for myself.

"Father staid at his job preparing the next week's work until Saturday afternoon, when he went to Evettsburg to be present at his choir meeting at seven in the evening. His train was delayed, and he went directly from the depot to the church. By a strange destiny, it seemed, mother was selected to sing, 'Where Is My Boy To-night?' for evening service.

"On the way home father asked for me, and mother replied that she had not seen me. They both became very uneasy, father with an inkling of the truth, mother with all sorts of nameless dreads. As I did not turn up that night father started a private policeman on a search for me next morning before breakfast. He unearthed me and got me to a hotel, where a servant was fed to sober me up. The policeman then went to report, but as my father was not at home, the whole miserable truth came out to my mother. He said as he was leaving:

"Mrs. Gendrin, I would advise you not to go to Harry to-day. He will be all right to-morrow morning, and you can see him before he starts back to camp. You would only be needlessly distressed at what you would see to-day, and you can do him no good now. If possible, I will get him home to-night after supper."

"Mother promised that she would not try to see me until I should be sober, and went to the morning service. Father came to me early after noon, but I was sleeping heavily and he thought it best not to disturb me. When I awoke, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I was duly sober, but had a raging headache. When I learned that it was Sunday I knew that my spree was at an end, so I called for a cup of strong coffee. While drinking it I heard from the policeman that mother knew everything.

"I was terribly cut up about it, and my mother's sorrow-laden face arose before me with great distinctness as I sat on the edge of that hotel bed. What with that face and my conscience, you can easily believe that the next few hours were simply awful. Then the church bell rang, and at the sound I aroused myself and said:

"Mason, I'm going to church."

"Where at, Harry?"

"At the First Cumberland."

"You are in pretty rough shape for church."

"There were very few in the room when I entered, but in 20 minutes the immense auditorium was packed, for Dr. Darby was then in the height of his popularity and drew immensely.

"After the opening prayer my mother rose to sing her solo. This was my principal reason for coming, but I had no idea of what she was going to sing. She had sung it a time or two, and it was now by request of several that she was to sing it again. She would, if possible, have avoided it after the morning's developments, but she had been announced in all the papers and nothing

new had been rehearsed, so she must, perforce, sing what surely lacerated her soul at every word. As I have already told you, it was the first time I had heard it.

"At the first line, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' the audience, who knew all the sad truth, was wonderfully affected. Mother did not dream that I was present, but supposed I was yet in the hotel. All her gentle, patient, loving nature stood revealed in the painful moan of those first words. Oh, how I hated myself for making it possible that she should sing those words from the heart. I dropped my head in my hands, and rocked like a tree shaken by the wind.

"Every word struck deeper and deeper into my soul. I began to pray. I asked God to forgive me for bruising that tender, loving mother's heart. I called myself an ingrate, a matricide, for her tones impressed my incoherent brain with the thought that she was dying. The refrain, peculiarly composed, as you know, gives the impression of a wail, and when she reached it a second time, I thought I should shriek aloud.

"Then I remembered that I had sinned, not only against mother, but against God. I asked His pardon and got it, just as she reached the last stanza:

"Go for my wandering boy to-night; Go search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still."

"Then came the refrain:

"Oh where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?"

"When she sang the second 'where,' with all the emphasis her genius, her longing, her mother heart could give it, the agony of her soul drew me to my feet, and I walked up the aisle toward her with my arms outstretched. Further words died on her lips, the organist ceased playing, and in wondering surprise, turned to look at my mother. For the briefest moment silence reigned, then I sobbed like any child:

"Here I am, mother."

"How could a carefully studied melodrama have been better acted? Mother came hastily down the choir steps and folded me in her arms. Then Dr. Darby seized one hand and father took the other. The organist struck the chords of 'Old Hundred,' and almost as one voice, the congregation burst into the Doxology: 'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,' and I think they sang it about ten times while they were shaking hands with me.

"All that was more than two years ago. I date a different life from that night."

"But you have never heard the song under quite such dramatic circumstances, Harry."

"I am not so sure about that. I heard my own words to my mother repeated last summer under vastly different circumstances, though perhaps you will say they were as remarkable as what I have just related.

"Last summer I was making a 'horse-back survey' in southeastern Kentucky. A local preacher, by the name of Logan, was guiding me, and I was to stay at his house one night.

"Several days previous he had come upon a party of gamblers in the woods. His son Thomas was one of the number, but he had impartially reported all of them to the grand jury; they had heard of it, and had been in hiding ever since. With Spartan-like determination he had resolved that his son should suffer with the rest, but his wife was deeply grieved at the circumstance, and felt indignant that a father should immolate a son in any such way.

"After supper we sat in the soft, June moonlight, and Mr. Logan asked me to sing. Mrs. Logan was sitting father out in the yard near the 'office,' as the boys' building in some southern front yards is called.

"After several other pieces, I thought of 'Where Is My Boy To-night?' My mind reverted to that blessed Sunday night in Evettsburg, and my mother's longing seemed to fill my own soul, so that the singing was particularly expressive. We were in a 'cove,' where rocky precipices hung near, and my words seemed to climb the cliffs and enter all their gloomy crevices and caverns with the wild, despairing query of the weird refrain. I don't think I was 'stuck on my own voice,' but I could not help knowing that I was singing well, and I felt a fine exhilaration in the surroundings.

"Mr. and Mrs. Logan were facing me, and did not see what I saw as I started on the last stanza. A young man walked from the shadow of the fir tree to the office. He lifted his finger in warning to me, and I proceeded with the singing as though nothing had happened, but watched him narrowly, although I could not believe that he meant harm when acting so openly. He stood still in the shadow of the office until I finished.

"There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Logan arose in a bewildered way, tossed her arms wildly and moaned, not loud, but with searching, penetrating force: 'Oh, where is my boy to-night?'"

"The figure in the shadow cried aloud the words: 'Here I am, mother!'"

"She turned as Logan and I sprang to our feet. 'Tommy! Tommy!' she murmured, as the strong, young fellow folded her in filial embrace!

"Logan said, as severely as possible: 'Young man, do you know that you are wanted by the grand jury?'"

"Yes, father, but the song I just heard and mother's heart-breaking wail determined me to stand my trial and pay the penalty like a man. I was skulking near the house in order to get provisions to keep me until after the court would adjourn. Now I will stay here to-night, and to-morrow I will go to town and plead guilty. Then I shall never gamble again, please God!"

"Amen," said the father, and the son added: 'Mother, you will never again have to ask in earnest: 'Where is my boy to-night?'"

—Union Signal.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

A Defense of Their Reliability and Integrity.

A very common error is prevalent that the work of reporters, given in newspapers, as a rule is not entitled to respect or credence. It is generally assumed that the reporter writes chiefly for or wholly to make a sensation, or in some way interest readers without regard to facts, while just the reverse is the truth in all reputable newspaper establishments.

It is safe to assume that the statements of reporters given in the leading reputable journals of the country are quite as truthful as are the general statements from the pulpit when the minister gets outside of strictly religious teachings, and very much more truthful than are the public expressions of most if not all of the leading professions. With very few exceptions the management of our leading daily newspapers enforce truthfulness and fairness as the supreme attributes for a newspaper writer, and yet it is common for all who are displeased with any reportorial statement to say that "it's a mere newspaper story."

It is true that there are a few conspicuous exceptions to the rule that governs the reputable newspapers of the country. Two newspapers in New York have brought more discredit upon the journalistic profession during the last year than all other causes combined. They have done so by catering solely to the most prurient tastes of the public and to the most vicious sensationalism. They are not respected by the public and should not be, but they do not represent the progressive journalism of the country, and they have been more severely criticised by the public press generally than by any other class.

Not only are the managers of our leading newspapers entitled to great credit for the scrupulous care they enforce on their reporters and correspondents to present the truth with as exact fairness as is possible, but the public little know the ceaseless care that is exercised in every reputable newspaper office to prevent the publication of even the truth when it would be more harmful to publish than to suppress it. There is not a week, indeed hardly a day, that the newspapers of this city do not suppress the facts proper for public information which would make a most interesting story, solely because it would bring a flood of sorrow to the innocent and helpless and cast an imperishable shadow upon their lives. With all the errors necessarily committed in a newspaper office by reason of the haste with which the articles must often be prepared, the public little know with what thorough integrity the newspapers, as a rule, protect the innocent even at the cost of suppressing legitimate and interesting information. The skeletons of hundreds of households are carefully guarded in the newspaper offices of the country, and generally without even the knowledge of the people who are thus protected.—Philadelphia Times.

RETAINING A SEAT.

A Judgment Which Is of Interest to Railway Travelers.

A judgment of the greatest importance and interest to railway travelers was delivered recently by Judge Emden, a gentleman traveling from London to Hastings had occasion to leave the carriage at Tunbridge Wells, and took the ordinary precaution of reserving his seat with his umbrella and newspapers. While he was absent another passenger seized his place and refused to vacate it until forcibly ejected. As a result an action for damages was brought against the original owner of the seat by the intruder, and a counter-claim for similar damages was entered by the other side as well. The judgment delivered was one which will commend itself to 99 out of every 100 travelers. The claim for damages for ejection was dismissed and the counter-claim allowed.

For the future, therefore, the cantankerous individual who persists in disturbing the comfort and convenience of travelers in the manner indicated will know how he stands, and that if the owner of the seat thinks fit to bundle him out neck and crop the latter will not only have the sympathy of the public, but the law as well on his side. There can be no question whatever that the universal mode of retaining a seat in a railway carriage is a most reasonable and convenient one, and the thanks of the public are due to Judge Emden for his very clear and sensible interpretation of the law. Not the least important point in his judgment is his assertion that the holder of a seat was entitled to use reasonable force to eject an intruder.—London Globe.

What She Learned.

Mamma—Well, Elsie, what did you learn at school to-day?
Elsie (aged six)—Learned to spell.
Mamma—Now, what did you learn to spell?
"Man."
"And how do you spell man?"
(Promptly)—"M-a-n, man."
"Now, how do you spell boy?"
(After a moment's reflection)—"The same way, only in littler letters."—Town and Country Journal.

Alexander the Masher.

At a fashionable young ladies' boarding school the teacher asked the class in ancient history:

"What was the greatest conquest of Alexander the Great?"

"His greatest conquest was when Thalestris, the queen of the Amazons, made him an offer of marriage," replied Miss Gushy, one of the star pupils.—N. Y. World.

The Silk Hat Epoch.

Mrs. Greathhead—I want a silk hat for my husband and one for my son.

Blatter—I didn't know they wore them.

"They haven't, heretofore, but now my son is growing his first mustache and my husband's taking an interest in politics."—Philadelphia Record.

Bad Blood

is a good thing to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disgusting and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the radical remedy for all diseases originating in the blood.

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had boils all over my body. One bottle cured me."—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Delightfully Feminine.

Mother—I don't understand you at all. You are constantly praising Miss Whirly, and you used to insist that you couldn't bear her.
Daughter—But I didn't know then, mamma, that she was jealous of me. It is just too sweet of her.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Bigoted.

Jenkins—I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton.
Gibbs—I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food.—Tit-Bits.

Quite Natural.

Mrs. McFeegan—Shure, Moike, yer black oye do be turnin' grane.
Mr. McFeegan—An' why wudn't it? Oi got it from an Oirishmoon on Saint Patrick's day.—Judge.

An Atechison boy has such a wonderful memory in relating every old joke that he ever heard that his family is thinking of making a public lecturer of him.—Atechison Globe.

He Didn't Want the Route.

"Senator Salloway, of New Hampshire, tells a good one when he gets warned on the civil service question," said one of the statesmen who came to help the Michigan club celebrate Washington's birthday. "Somewhere in the south a bright colored boy appeared before the commission to be examined for the position of letter carrier. 'How far is it from the earth to the moon?' was the first question asked by those who were to determine the young man's fitness for the place he sought. 'How far am I from de earf' so de moon?' echoed the applicant. 'My Lawd, boss, if you's gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job.' 'With that the young man grabbed his hat and left as though he were chased.'—Detroit Free Press.

Time counts, health gains. A quick, sure cure.—St. Jacobs Oil for sprains.

Evidence.

She—Wasn't John Calvin a married man? He—He must have been. Didn't he reject the doctrine of free will?—Puck.

Hopeful Words to Childless Women.

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and desolate old age.

Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to some great lack of strength in the organs of generation. Such a condition is nearly always due to long continued neglect of the plainest warnings.

Frequent backache and distressing pains accompanied by offensive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation, indicate a nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs, that unless speedily checked will result in barrenness.

Read Mrs. Wilson's letter:

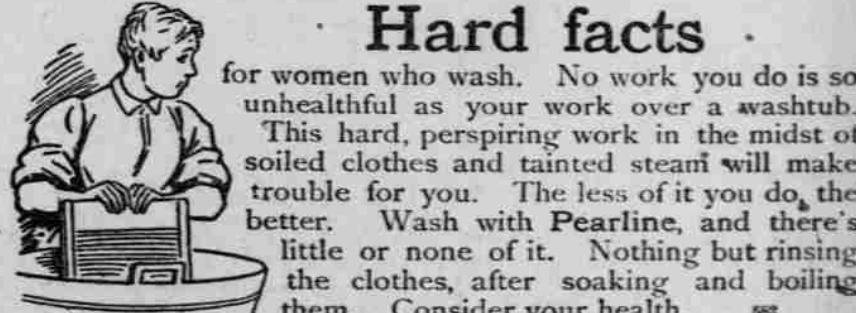
DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Noone could have suffered from female troubles more than I. I had tumors on the womb, my ovaries were diseased, and for fifteen years I was a burden to myself. I was operated upon three different times, with only temporary relief; also tried many doctors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me by a lady friend, and after taking four bottles I was like a new woman. I had been married nine years, and had no children. I now have a beautiful little girl, and we feel assured she is the result of my taking the Compound.—MAY B. WILSON, 323 Sassafraz St., Millville, N. J.

Modern science and past experience have produced nothing so effective in treating diseases of the female organs as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash used according to special directions.

If you know any woman who is suffering and who is unable to secure relief, or who is sorrowful because she believes herself barren, tell her to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and ask her advice. The thousands of Mrs. Pinkham's cures are all recorded for quick reference, and a reply will be promptly sent wholly without charge, that will direct her what to do.

Mrs. B. BLUM, 4940 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes:—"It has been my great desire to have a babe. Since taking your medicine my wish is fulfilled."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so unhealthful as your work over a washtub.

This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with Pearline, and there's little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health.

Millions of Women Use Pearline



CANDY CATHARTIC

10c 25c 50c

ALL DRUGGISTS

REGULATE THE LIVER

Cure Constipation

"GOOD WIVES GROW FAIR IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR WORKS," ESPECIALLY IF THEY USE

SAPOLIO